Emil. By that you would have pitty in another,
By your owne vertues infinite.
Hip. By valour,
By all the chaſte nights I have ever pleaſd you.
Theſ. Theſe are ſtrange Conjurings. (our dangers,
Per. Nay then Ile in too: By all our friendſhip Sir, by all
By all you love moſt, warres, and this ſweet Lady.
Emil. By that you would have trembled to deny
A bluſhing Maide.
Hip. By your owne eyes: By ſtrength
In which you ſwore I went beyond all women,
Almoſt all men, and yet I yeelded *Theſeus*.
Per. To crowne all this; By your moſt noble ſoule
Which cannot want due mercie, I beg firſt.
Hip. Next heare my prayers.
Emil. Laſt let me intreate Sir.
Per. For mercy.
Hip. Mercy.
Emil. Mercy on theſe Princes.
Theſ. Ye make my faith reele: Say I felt
Compaſſion to'em both, how would you place it?
Emil. Vpon their lives: But with their baniſhments.
Theſ. You are a right woman, Siſter; you have pitty,
But want the vnderſtanding where to uſe it.
If you deſire their lives, invent a way
Safer then baniſhment: Can theſe two live
And have the agony of love about 'em,
And not kill one another? Every day
The'yld fight about you; howrely bring your honour
In publique queſtion with their Swords; Be wiſe then
And here forget 'em; it concernes your credit,
And my oth equally: I have ſaid they die,
Better they fall by th' law, then one another.
Bow not my honor.
Emil. O my noble Brother,
That oth was raſhly made, and in your anger,
Your reaſon will not hold it, if ſuch vowes
Stand for expreſſe will, all the world muſt periſh.

Beſide

Beſide, I have another oth, ga
Of more authority, I am ſure
Not made in paſſion neither,
Theſ. What is it Siſter?
Per. Vrge it home brave L
Emil. That you would ne
Fit for my modeſt ſuit, and y
I tye you to your word now,
Thinke how you maime you
(For now I am ſet a begging
To all but your compaſſion)
Might breed the ruine of my
Shall any thing that loves me
That were a cruell wiſedome
The ſtraight yong Bowes tha
Becauſe they may be rotten?
The goodly Mothers that ha
And all the longing Maides
If your vow ſtand, ſhall curſe
And in their funerall ſongs,
Deſpiſe my cruelrie, and cry
Till I am nothing but the ſco
For heavens ſake ſave their li
Theſ. On what condition
Emil. Sweare 'em never m
To make me their Contenti
To tread upon thy Dukedom
Where ever they ſhall travel
Pal. Ile be cut a peeces
Before I take this oth, forget
O all ye gods diſpiſe me ther
I not miſlike, ſo we may fair
Our Swords, and cauſe along
But take our lives Duke, I m
And for that love, muſt and
On any peece the earth has,
Theſ. Will you *Arcite*
Take theſe conditions?

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